Major *PACK*'s POETICAL REMAINS.

Publiſhed from his Original Manuſcripts.

To which are Added,

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

Catullus, *Tibullus*, and *Ovid*.

With an ESSAY on the

ROMAN *ELEGIAC POETS*, &c.

The TRANSLATIONS *of* Major PACK, *have truly the Gay, Genteel Spirit of his* AUTHOR.
See DART's *Pref. to* TIBUL.

LONDON

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(Price 2*s*. 6*d*.)

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BRITISH MUSEUM
15 FEB 72

TO

Sir Edmond Bacon, *Bart.*

AND THE HONOURABLE

Colonel George Read.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING favoured with these Papers by the LADY *to whom most of them are Addressed, I thought myself obliged, from that due Esteem I shall always bear to the Friendship and Memory of Major* PACK, *to put them under your Protection, believing you will be as just Executors of his Fame, as it is well known you are of his Effects.*

These Pieces were, most of them, written in a Country which, I am sure, their Author never desired to visit; and barren had been the Soil of ABERDEEN, *for his Muse, had not the beautiful* CLARA *made it a Paradise.*

I am only ſorry that ſuch Fanatic-Mold ſhould retain that Body which would have done Honour to the Native Mother-Earth of his own Country. *But* —— Time and Chance happens to us all —— *It is however ſome Alleviation of this Accident, that He* Lived, Loved, *and* Died *in the* Boſom *of the* Church *of* England.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

Aſh-Wedneſday, 1738.

E. CURLL.

Major PACK's WILL.

BE *it known unto all whom it may Concern*; That I RICHARDSON PACK, of *Bury St. Edmonds* in the County of *Suffolk*, Eſq; finding a juſt Cauſe to revoke a WILL I made about two Years ago (the Deſign of which I had not until very lately, and for very good Reaſons, laid aſide) Do by theſe Preſents declare, my laſt *Will* and *Teſtament* to be as following: *Imprimis*, Whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to finiſh my Pilgrimage in this Mortal Life, it is my Deſire, ſuppoſing I die in *England*, that my Body be depoſited in the Church, or Church-yard, (it is equal to me) of the Pariſh of *Stoke-Aſh* in the County of *Suffolk*, and that a decent, but plain and ſmall Monument be erected, in Memory of my Name, Education, and Station, [*as*] in the ſaid Church, was, when my Father and Mother and Wm. buried, with as little Flattery in the Inſcription, as Ornament in the Architecture. As to my worldly Goods I bequeath them all both real and perſonal to my dear and entirely beloved, and only, *Son*, JOHN for his Life, after the Payment of my juſt Debts and the following Legacies; *Firſt*, To MARY * my Wife, I bequeath, free of all Deductions 50 *l. per Annum*,

a to

* She was of the *Name* and Honourable *Family* of CAMPBELL.

to be paid at the uſual Terms of Annuity-Payments, in Satisfaction of her Dower, which conſidering (not to mention any Thing more) the Deviſe of a very good Eſtate beſides, my Father has in his *Will*, left the Survivor of Me, and my Son, ought to be thought ſufficient.

To my *Natural Daughter* by Mrs. *Andry Gibſon*, (now *White*) whoſe good Behaviour I have encouraged upon other Occaſions, I leave 50*l.*

To Sir *Edmond Bacon* of *Gorboldiſham* 50*l.* To *George Read*, Eſq; of *Golden-Square*, my Gold Watch, which was the *Glorious King* WILLIAM's. And I do appoint the ſaid Sir *Edmond Bacon*, and the ſaid *George Read*, my *Executors in Truſt*, farther declaring, that my *Intention* and *Will* is, that they go forward with the Bargain I have made (if it ſhould not be compleated before my Death) of the Sale of my Eſtate at *Birmingham*, and *Hepworth*, in the ſaid County of *Suffolk*, and to appropriate the Money ariſing therefrom in the firſt Place to diſcharge the Mortgage on my Eſtate at *Freſton*, near *Bury*, and another Debt upon Bond to Sir *Jermyn Davers*; and I do likewiſe authoriſe them my ſaid Executors, either to ſell my Houſe and Furniture, (Plate, Pictures, and Houſhold-Linnen of all kinds excepted) † and out of the Money accruing by the Sale, to pay whatever Debts and Legacies remain; applying the Overplus to the Uſe of my Son, or

† His Houſhold Furniture, *&c.* was ſold by Auction.

or elſe, to Mortgage the ſaid Houſe, for any Sum neceſſary to make good what may ſtill be wanting to the Payment of my Debts and Legacies; and they may then Let the ſaid Houſe and Furniture, Plate, and Linnen, (but not Pictures here excepted) and in caſe (which God forbid) my *Son* Die without Iſſue, I leave all my real and perſonal Eſtate after Debts and Legacies, [*Thoſe, abovementioned, being here recited.*] as alſo the Charge of my *Son*'s Education *, to be divided in Manner following, *viz.* my *Lands of Inheritance* which came by *my Father*, I bequeath after my *Son*'s Death, if he ſurvive his Mother, and if ſhe ſurvives him, after her Death, to my *Niece Hannah Pack*, Daughter of my Brother *John Pack*, late Merchant of *London*, for her Life, and to the Heirs of her Body, they taking the Name of *Pack*, and all my Pictures, Plate, and Linnen, I likewiſe leave in the ſame Manner, and to the ſame Behoof, as *thoſe Lands*; as to my *other Lands* and *Effects*, I bequeath them (in caſe of the Demiſe of my *Son*, and *Wife*, ‖ as aforeſaid, to (my *Natural Daughter*) *Rebecca Pack*, for Life, and her Iſſue Male; But in failure of ſuch Iſſue *Male* bearing the Name of *Pack*, to the Iſſue *Male* or *Female* of my ſaid *Niece*. And farther if my ſaid *Niece* ſhall Die without Iſſue, to my ſaid *Natural-Daughter*, and her Heirs General, they bearing the Name of *Pack*. *In Witneſs whereof*,

I

* He is now at *Cambridge*.

‖ Mrs. *Pack* did not long ſurvive the *Major*.

I have hereunto affixed my Hand and Seal, this 1*ſt* Day of *Dec.* 1727. *Richardſon Pack.*
Signed, Sealed, and Publiſhed in the Preſence of
Us, { *E. Price.*
{ *Robert Froſt.*

N. B. In the Month of *Auguſt* 1728, Major *Pack* marched from *Hounſlow-Heath* to *Scotland*, and wrote to his Grace the Duke of *Argyll* from *Aberdeen*, *Sept.* the 4th. His Death was greatly ſurprizing, being taken off by a Cold and a violent Fever, on the 5th Day of *December* following. Upon which, an Expreſs was immediately diſpatched by Capt. *A'Court*, to Sir *Edmond Bacon*, with a Letter notifying the Major's Deceaſe, and a Key of a Scritoire, in the Dining-Room of his Houſe at *Bury*, wherein his Will was depoſited, who therein found the ſame; of which the foregoing is a faithful Copy.

Capt. *A'Court* kept the Corps two Months uninterred till he heard from his Family, and the Executors, whether it muſt be Buried there, or ſent to *England*; but at length, receiving an Anſwer in the Negative the Night before the Funeral, the Corps was carried to the Epiſcopal Chapel, from whence it was very decently Interred, with all the Regularity of a Military-Ceremonial, in the Church-Yard of *Aberdeen*, where it lies without any Memorial.

The *Major's* WILL was proved in the *Prerogative-Court* of *Canterbury*, at *Doctors Commons*, *London*, *April*, the 3d. 1729.

POETICAL REMAINS

OF

Richardſon Pack, Eſq.

Written in the Year 1727.

TO

Miſs *COLLETON.**

Occaſioned by her demanding back her LETTERS, *and a* RING *ſhe gave him.*

REGARDLESS of *your* Vows and *mine*,
Since you've recall'd the *Heart* you gave,
With Eaſe fair COLLE' I reſign.
Thoſe other *Toys* that grac'd your Slave.

* The AUTHOR became enamoured with this Lady at *Exeter*, in the Year 1725; and in his *Second* Volume of MISCELLANIES, then publiſh'd, celebrates her under the Appellation of the WESTERN WONDER. The *Firſt Copy of Verſes* in that COLLECTION, *Ad Libellum*, is Addreſſed to HER, and the *laſt Copy* in the *Book* regrets her being *Mortal*. Soon after this Separation the Lady *Married*.

II.

The wanton *Ringlets of your Hair*,
As *Chains* and *Ornaments* (*) I wore;
Releas'd from Love's bewitching Snare,
Thoſe ſlighter Bands can charm no more.

III.

Take back each ſoft, fond, *billet Doux*;
Atteſted *by* your *Virgin Name*;
How tender ſeems each *Word* and true!
But *Words* and *Thoughts* are not the ſame.

IV.

Your *Lips* ſpoke fonder Things than they
In *Kiſſes* printed on my Breaſt;
May thoſe Impreſſions wear away,
Since *Venus'-Dove* forſakes her Neſt.

(*) VINCULA ORNAMENTA the Motto of a Ring of her Hair.

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V.

Yet tho' your am'rous Glances play,
Like dazling Sun-beams here, and there;
Tho' all your Hours fly light and gay,
Without one Cloud of gloomy Care;

VI.

Ah! Much I fear, forgetful Maid;
You'll in your Turn ere-long complain,
By ſome more fav'rite Youth betray'd,
Whoſe Flatt'ry now may make you vain.

VII.

If ſuch a Tryal you ſhould prove,
My gen'rous Paſſion then would ſhine;
To your Relief with Zeal I'd move,
Revenge your Wrongs, nor think of mine.

ON

Reading Tibullus.

Alluding to the foregoing Separation.

Ah Crudele genus! nec fidum fœmina Nomen.
TIB. Lib. 3.

HAIL happy Shade! thou bright *Elyſian* Gueſt.
Midſt tuneful Bards and faithful Lovers bleſt:
Who living didſt a thouſand Charms diſplay;
Rich, *Witty*, *Graceful*, *Elegant*, and *Gay*. (*)
When I ſurvey THee, thro' thy ſhining Page,
Inflam'd with Love by Turns and jealous Rage,
Yet decent ſtill, well manner'd, and polite,
From fulſom Flatt'ry free, or meaner Spite;
(For gently, even thy Reproaches fall,
And in thy Spleen thou ſeem'ſt to have no Gall)

(*) *Non tu corpus eras ſine Pectore, Di tibi formam, Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.*
HOR. Ep. 4. Lib. 1.

So

So ſoft the Subject, and ſo ſweet the Song,
My Soul inſenſibly is borne along:
By ſecret Sympathy with Thee combin'd,
Thy Joys and Sorrows all affect my Mind.

Tho' Fate ſo far our Perſons did divide,
Our Souls, methinks, in Genius are ally'd;
Nature alike did either Breaſt inſpire,
With melting Tenderneſs and warm Deſire;
Melting as Snows that fall from *ſouthern* Skies,
And warm as Odours which from Incenſe riſe.

Thee have I choſe (and let the Choice commend.
My Taſte) both as an Author and a Friend.
Often I've ſought the Silence of the Grove,
To hear thy moving Tales and Plaints of Love.
Then fondly took my gentle Poet's Part;
Felt all his Paſſions fluctuate in my Heart;
And, ſighing! rav'd againſt th' ungrateful *Maid*,
By whom ſuch Truth, ſuch Merit, was betray'd.

Ah

Ah *falſe* NEÆRA! (*) lovely *perjur'd Dear* (†)
How kind you were, but ah, how inſincere!

Hard Lot of Us whom Beauty taught to ſing?
From our obliging Cares our Suff'rings ſpring.
While we with Verſe adorn our Fav'rite's Charms,
We recommend Her to ſome Rival's Arms:
To vain Parade the fickle-Fair invite,
And guide dull Fops by our Poetic Light;
Till modeſt Senſe, o'erpower'd by Dreſs and Noiſe,
Will praiſe the Toaſt a Coxcomb oft enjoys.

* The Name of a *Roman* LADY, of whom *Tibullus* was paſſionately enamoured, and he had been favoured, and jilted, both by her.

† *Perfida, nec merito nobis inimica, merenti*
Perfida, ſed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.
TIB. Eleg. 7. Lib. 3.
Perfidious Maid! I ne'er deſerv'd this Ill;
Falſe as you are —— tho' *falſe*, yet lovely ſtill.
DART.

A

LETTER from Exmouth,*

TO

MR. TITTLEY, Fellow of *Trinity College, Cambridge*, and Secretary to Mr. HEDGES at the *Court* of *Turin*.

WHILE my ſoft Hours ſteal on with downy Feet,
And daily new ſucceſſive Joys I meet;
From various Objects, that by turns conſpire,
Alike to raiſe and gratify Deſire;
Yet not unmindful of an abſent Friend,
To Thee —— dear *Tittley* —— I my Thoughts commend.
To Thee, who free from Buſineſs and from Strife.
Tread the ſmooth Paths of *Philoſophic* Life,

* *Axmouth*, or, *Exmouth*, a venerable old Haven, ſituate on the Eaſt-Side of the River *Axe*, or *Ex*, near *Exeter*.

Chearful

Chearful and wiſe may'ſt thou ſtill perſevere,
Nor think a giddy World e'er worth thy Care.

Tho' *Paint* and *Sculpture* here their Gifts refuſe,
Nor op'ning *Palaces* invite my Muſe; †
The noble Treats of Harmony ſhe finds,
And ſweeteſt Muſic of according Minds,
Where all the Charities of ſocial Life,
Contend to pleaſe with amiable Striſe.
A well-ſpread Table to my Taſte ſupplies,
With decent Plenty all that's good or nice;
And the rich Juice of *Gallia*'s gen'rous Vine,
Or racy Cyder, emulous of Wine,
To many a ſprightly Turn and Joke gives Birth,
Nor drowns our Reaſon whilſt it flows our Mirth.
Then Books and Walks divide the vacant Time,
Unconſcious all of Folly or of Crime.

† See ADDISON's Letter to Lord HALIFAX from *Italy*, 1703.

No lofty Tow'rs in awful Pride look down;
Nor *Church* nor *Tholſel* grace the *Fiſher-Town*:
One *antique Chapel* (*) on a riſing Land,
Looks as it ſtood a *Light-Houſe* from the Strand.
Here the rough Sailor on a Sabbath-Day,
Forgets to Swear, and ſurly learns to Pray:
Rows of neat Cottages are plac'd below,
And the lov'd Villa crowns the rural Show,
Whoſe ſloping Gardens from on High ſurvey,
The diſtant Mountains, and the neighb'ring Sea.
And whereſoe'er around the Sight is fixt,
It meets ſome varied Proſpect ſweetly mixt:
Here the fierce *Ex* (†) drives on with rapid Force.
O'er Shelves and Rocks obnoxious to its Courſe:

* Formerly belonging to the Abbot of *Sion*.
† Potius *Axe*.

There Hills and Groves are cheer'd by Weſtern Gales,
And Venus' Myrtle blooms in all the Vales.
O! That with *Addiſon* my Muſe could vie,
This happy Spot ſhould rival *Italy*.

Once, heretofore, in this delicious Clime,
I paſt the Seaſon of the flow'ry Prime;
Reſpir'd each Morn the Balmy vernal Air,
And breath'd it out again in Praiſe and Pray'r:
(For I am none of thoſe, who think it poor,
To thank the God that gracious gave the Store;
Dull rather they, who never felt the Fires,
Th' exalted Joys which *Gratitude* inſpires.)
But tho' th' inverted Year declining low'rs,
And the bleak Clouds deſcend in wintry Show'rs;
Eliza's Charms † enliven ſo the Scene,
As if no change of Seaſons *here* had been:
Her Eyes alone to me can well ſupply,
The Light and Heat that's wanting in the Sky.

† Miſs *Colleton*.

Ah

Ah! would kind Love ſecure me this Retreat
And make my Wiſhes in her Arms compleat,
Int'reſt ſhould tempt, and Glory court in vain,
And Pride and Luxury *unenvied* Reign.

As up the ſteepy Cliff I lately climb'd,
To breathe my Muſe (for by the Height ſublim'd
Fancy takes Wing, and ſpreads her airy Flight,
O'er Earth, and Ocean, and the Realms of Light.)
Sudden I heard a riſing Tempeſt roar,
And the ſwoln Surges burſt upon the Shoar;
When lo! A Barque that whilom was ſo trim,
It ſeem'd the Surface of the Main to ſkim;
Became the Sport of ev'ry Wave and Wind,
Offer'd, methought, an Emblem to my Mind,
Of thoſe Advent'rers on *Ambition*'s Coaſt,
By Projects Shipwreck'd, or in Factions toſt.
How bleſt, ſaid I (and only bleſt is He)
Who never ſails on Fortune's faithleſs Sea

Or if by Force, himſelf engag'd he find,
Truſts *Virtue* with the *Steerage* of his Mind;
Nor, while mad Hurricanes the World embroil,
Promotes the Ruin to divide the Spoil;
Looks down on Titles with ſuperior State,
And dares be Honeſt, rather than be Great;
Firm and collected in himſelf can ſtand,
Nor acts, nor ſpeaks, as others would Command.
Prepar'd for any Fate to which he's Born,
To wear a Laurel-Crown, or one of Thorn.

But what is this that ſtrikes my raviſh'd Ear;
Sure 'tis the Voice of Her I love ſo dear!
Wonder not then, I thus abruptly end,
And for my Miſtreſs quit my Muſe and Friend.

Dec. 12. 1737. R. P.

AN EPISTLE from *ABERDEEN**, TO HIS GRACE JOHN Duke of *Argyll.* SEPTEMBER 4. 1728.

Dives, inops, Romæ, ſeu ſons ita juſſerit exul;
Quiſquis erit Vitæ ſcribam color ——
HOR. Sat. 1. Lib. 2.

WHEN you, my Lord, theſe Moral-Strains ſhall read,
You'll think me re-baptiz'd within the *Tweed*:
No Kirk-Profeſſor graver could declaim,
Were ſome prim Siſter's Body brought to ſhame.

I, who was wont in am'rous Airs to ſing,
The rival Charms of *Colleton* and *Spring*;

* An ancient Epiſcopal See, and made an Univerſity by King *James* I; about 70 Miles North of *Edinburgh*.

In

(In one reſpect, the Rivals did agree,
As each ſeem'd fond, and both prov'd falſe to me;
But this Diſtinction *Colleton*'s thy Due,
The *Faireſt*, *Fondeſt*, *Falſeſt* of the *two*:
When Coquetry once taints a Woman's Mind,
Nor Benefits oblige, nor Oaths can bind;
Deſire of Conqueſt is her only Aim,
And Luſt itſelf is but a ſecond Flame:)
Inſtructed by long Practice in the Sex,
That all who 're form'd to pleaſe, are born to vex.
At once I tore Love's Arrows from my Heart,
And Time and Patience have allay'd the Smart,
Not that now Frozen, who ſo lately Burn'd,
To Hate, or low Revenge, my Thoughts are turn'd.
When I recall to Mind each gentle Grace,
That play'd round *Colle*'s Neck and Waiſt and Face,
To Hate's Unnat'ral, to Revenge were Baſe:

That

That glowing Boſom, thoſe bewitching Eyes,
Will plead Excuſe for all her Perjuries.
With ſoft Complaiſency I ſtill ſurvey,
A tender Virgin blooming in her *May*;
Melt at the Fires of Female Charms and Youth,
But ſcarce in Haſte ſhall doat upon their Truth.
Wiſely they jilt us to inhance the Joy,
For tedious Conſtancy they think might cloy:
To ſtronger Nerves the Tryal I reſign,
And hang my Arms up, now, at *Venus'* Shrine.
The Muſe hereafter too ſhall bend her Cares,
To cure *my Vanities*, not flatter *Theirs*.

From the worſt Proſpect on this Northern Shore.
(Which others as a Baniſhment deplore)
I turn my View, my Conduct to explore:
Retir'd, reflect with Profit, and at Eaſe,
On what has hurt, and what might well diſpleaſe.

Where

Where frailer Nature had more frequent fail'd,
And where ill Cuſtom had by Stealth prevail'd;
The raſh Reſolve, and the too prompt Reply,
The haſty Faults that paſs'd unheeded by,
In Wine's hot Rage, or Luſt's opprobrious Flame,
And each Occaſion of Offence, or Blame,
To conſcious Reaſon's ſtrict Tribunal brought;
Receive the Sentence of ſeverer Thought.
Not that to different Extremes I run;
Conſtraint alike, and Licence I would ſhun;
In virtuous Freedom I poſſeſs my Soul,
And guide my Paſſions rather than controul.
Thus, Far remov'd from Objects of Deſire;
Or the warm Joys that Friendſhip does inſpire;
Serene and calm, from Innocence I find,
Perpetual Sun-ſhine in my chearful Mind.

The World in ev'ry Scene, my Lord, ſupplies,
Something to make one Happier, or more Wiſe,

If Obſervation, but the Hint improve,
And Head-ſtrong Will, does not at Random rove.
'Tis Self-ſufficiency is ſtill our Bane;
We work our Mis'ry, with our buſy Brain.
Could we on Providence repoſe our Cares,
Leſs Numbers would complain of their Affairs;
And what we often Checks of Fortune call,
Are kind Reſtraints that ſave us from a Fall.

On the cool Banks of *Dee*, as late I ſtray'd,
By a long Train of rambling Thoughts convey'd,
A ſudden Incident ſurpriz'd my Sight,
And interrupted my dear dull Delight,
Elſe o'er the Brink the muſing Fool had run,
And the next fatal Step had been undone.
Intent thus on a Miſtreſs, or a Wife,
Or any ſerious Trifle of our Life,
Let Humour, or let Prudence be our Guide,
Cautious, or Wild, alike our Feet may ſlide;
For all our Plans, at beſt, are Waking-Dreams,
And Chance oft, luckily, o'erturns our Schemes.

SACRED to the MEMORY OF Lady *Elizabeth Manſel.**

READER attend, and if thine Eye let fall
A Tear, confeſs it Nature's Call.

Conſign'd to God, from whence the Bleſſing came,
Here lye the precious Relicks of that Frame,
Which, when inform'd with Life, attractive ſhin'd,
With all we hope, or wiſh, in Women-kind.
The diff'rent Attributes of *Chaſt* and *Fair*,
(When join'd, how lovely! Yet alas, how rare!)
With Charms united, did in Her combine;
The Sex was Female, but the Soul Divine.

* Lady *Elizabeth Hervey*, Eldeſt Daughter of *John* Earl of *Briſtol*. Married *Buſſy Manſel*, Youngeſt Son of *Thomas* Lord *Manſel* 1724, and Died 1727.

Adorn'd

Virtue, Diſcretion, and a Graceful Eaſe,
(For ſure in Her 'twas natural to pleaſe.)
Adorn'd her Manners, in each Sphere of Life,
The Daughter, Siſter, Miſtreſs, and the Wife.
This Treaſure loſt, what Tongue can ſpeak the Smart,
Their noble Parents feel, and ev'ry kindred Heart;
But chiefly His, whoſe faithful Boſom prov'd,
The ſoft Endearments of his Sole-belov'd.

Yet mourn not Youth, the Lot to either given,
You live in Paradiſe, ſhe dwells in Heaven.

CLARA

CLARA;

OR

VENUS

AT

ABERDEEN.

A Thouſand Beauteous Forms I've ſeen, and lov'd;
And *Prudes*, *Coquets*, or *Jilts*, they moſt have prov'd:
But CLARA Shines in all the Fire of Youth,
Her each ſweet Air ſpeaks Tenderneſs and Truth:
Her radiant Eyes eclipſe Their brighteſt Charms;
Her gentle Heart atones for all their Harms.

Sept. 19. 1728.

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED

By what happened at ABERDEEN, *October* 15, 1728.

I.

HOW odly is a *Lover* fated!
When the dear Cauſe of all his Smart,
By *Two* mad *Rivals* daily rated,
Nor ſhuts againſt a *Third* her Heart.

II.

My *Foe*'s indulgently receiv'd,
My *Friend* with Smiles invited,
And I (God knows if I'm deceiv'd)
Now favour'd, and now ſlighted.

III.

Indiff'rence is a greater Curſe
To me than would have been your *Scorn*;
'Tis barbarous to ſtarve at *Nurſe*
A *Paſſion* that was *Hopefull* Born.

EN-

E N C O R E.

I.

HOW curs'd is his Fate, who at One time does prove,
The Fetters of Wedlock, and Bondage of Love;
Who chain'd to a Gally that's running a-drift,
Meets no friendly Sail that will give him a Lift.

II.

What fantaſtical Notions in *Women* we find
'Cauſe *One* is unjuſt, *all the Reſt* are unkind.
Their *Honour*, they tell you, preſcribes theſe *Reſerves.*
For their *Honour* (Gadzooks) an honeſt Man *Starves.*

III.

Methinks the *Two Sexes* might better agree;
(I wiſh, faith for once, they'd be Counſell'd by me)
Let all Parties aggriev'd, e'en make an Exchange,
Then *Huſbands*, and *Wives*, might have *each* their Revenge.

TO

CLARA.

ABERDEEN, *October* 26, 1728.

WHEN firſt I ſaw you (*who ſays Love is blind?*)
Your bending Head was on your Arm reclin'd;
A down-caſt Look, but yet ſuperior Grace
Adorn'd with modeſt Airs your matchleſs Face;
Your riſing Breaſts in gentle Heavings play'd,
Like downy *Cygnets* on ſmooth *Thames* convey'd;
The graceful Attitude attack'd my Sight,
Inſpiring Rev'rence mixt with ſoft Delight:
Henceforth, ſaid I, no more let Mem'ry vex
My Soul with what I've ſuffer'd from the Sex;
This faultleſs Maid may well abſolve them all;
And *Venus*! lo, thy Slave obeys thy Call.

At

At Diſtance view'd if you could thus ſurprize,
How warm the nearer Infl'ence of your Eyes!
When Wit too, join'd with Beauty's potent
Arms,
Subdu'd my Heart with ſtill increaſing Charms.
But Conqu'rors rarely merciful are ſeen;
You rule a Tyrant, who might reign a Queen.
Ah, kinder treat a Vaſſal-Love diſtreſt;
Be ſtil'd alike the Faireſt and the Beſt:
Reward my Homage with Returns of Grace,
And make but good the Promiſe of your Face,
Where each ſweet *Trait* ſeems gently to
conſpire,
At once to Raiſe and Favour my Deſire.

Votum Duplex.

TO

CLARA.

On the Eleventh of *October*, 1728*.

TWO wiſh'd Events did this Glad Day adorn,
When GEORGE was Crown'd, and beauteous CLARA Born:
May Each in peaceful Triumphs happy prove,
HE bleſt in *Loyalty*, and YOU in *Love*.

(*) CLARA's Mother is the juſtly admired Mrs. *Catherine Trotter*, a very poetical and philoſophical Lady: She has written *five* Plays. *Agnes de Caſtro. Fatal Friendſhip. The unhappy Penitent.* The *Revolution* of *Sweden.* (Tragedies) *Love at a Loſs:* or, *Moſt Votes carry it.* A Comedy. Several Novels, Letters, *&c.* and a pretty Piece in *Defence* of Mr. *Locke*'s Eſſay, on Human Underſtanding. She was reclaimed from the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, in which ſhe was educated, by the late Dr. *Burnet*, Biſhop of *Saliſbury*, and recommended to the Rev. M C. of *Aberdeen*, who married her.

A

Poetical Sally.

Occaſioned by ſome *Peeviſh Cenſure* on a late *Merry-Meeting* of GENTLEMEN and LADIES, at ABERDEEN, *October* 23. 1728.

AND is then *Life* a lazy Length of Years,
Train'd on in Cautions, and ignoble Fears,
Where *ſportive Love* muſt never dare intrude,
And *Mirth* and *Wit* be damn'd as loud and lewd?
Is it in ſlothful Sleep to ſpend the Night,
Nor wake at ſprightly Morn to gay Delight?
Ne'er know the Joy, a Kindneſs to receive,
And leſs, that ſweeter Happineſs to give?
Drudge on to *fifty* in a rugged Road,
Duily diſcreet, and *impotently* good;

Till

Till with Experience, *Age* comes limping on,
With vile *Diſtruſt* their ſole-ſurviving *Son*,
For the Twins, *Hope* and *Joy*, like ſtill-born
Babes were gone.
Thus ſome paſs thro' the World meer envious
Spies,
Nor feel one Object glad their Hearts, or Eyes.

Wedded to Life, for *Better* and for *Worſe*,
My Genius led me, yet a ſmoother Courſe.
Tho' young and vain upon the Stage I came,
'Twas not without ſome Sparks of Heav'nly
Flame.
That rais'd my Action in each op'ning Scene,
And made me ſcorn ungen'rous Parts or Mean.
Refin'd my Soul to elegant Deſires,
Friendſhip's warm Joys, or Love's Diviner Fires.
Nor few, nor evil have been, thus my Days,
While ſome have Pleaſure gain'd, and others
Praiſe:

A Share to *niggard Fate* one muſt reſign;
Content for each *New-Leaſe* I paid the *Fine.*
The Cares, and Toils, and Pains, the Price enhance;
And there's a BLISS —— *that's worth Extravagance.*

The fainter Beams ſucceed the Youthful Blaze,
Chearful I'll yet, baſk in theſe milder Rays;
And when the *Little-Loves* no more may *pleaſe,*
The *Graces* ſtill will charm me with their *Eaſe,*
Soften the rigid Sentiments of *Age,*
And give me *Peace,* as *Pleaſure* gave me *Rage:*
Then as *my Play of Life* grows almoſt done,
I'll ſmile to ſee it copying by my SON.

A

SHORT REPLY

TO A

*LONG SERMON**.

ABERDEEN, *October* 25, 1728.

FROM your *harſh Morals*, Learned SIR, refrain ;
Nor take the Name of *Vanity* in *vain :*
Too well my Suff'rings your *Reflections* prove ;
Afflict not with *Deſpair* dejected *Love :*
Few and *falſe* Joys, and frequent *real* Pain,
Is what I know already, and complain.

If then an uſeful *Convert* you would make,
Preach to the *Fair*, and tell her for my Sake,

(*) CLARA's Father is the Epiſcopal Paſtor of *Aberdeen*; and was at this Time (in his Courſe of Preaching) reprehending the heinous Sins of *Fornication* and *Adultery*.

For

That *Life*'s Tranſitory *Dream* ſoon paſt;
Bid her lay hold on each ſhort Bliſs in haſt;
For *Conqueſt* only, let her not employ
Her pow'rful Charms but *timely* to enjoy:
E'en her ſweet Face, that lovely *Red* and *White*,
Whoſe bare Idea fires me as I write;
Shall feel each fading Feature ſoon decay,
And ſink at laſt to cold neglected Clay:
Then add what COWLEY has ſo well expreſt,
The BEST *itſelf*, is but *in Seaſon* BEST.

R. P.

AD-

ADVICE
TO A
*Young Gentleman**,

Who was *deſired* by the LADY I *Loved*, to DANCE with *her*, at a BALL I was to Give, at *Aberdeen*, *Nov.* 4. 1728.

SINCE to prevent a ſurly Parent's Frown,
And the vile Malice of a tatling Town,
I muſt (tho' *Love* and *Prudence* are at Strife)
Reſign a Partner —— dearer than my Life;
And leave the PRIZE in this invidious BALL
To THEE, or to be ſcrambled for by ALL;
'Tis happy BILLY, that in you I find
A gentle Soul (the Partner of my Mind)
Who knows the Secret of my fond Diſtreſs,
Pity my Cares, and fain too would redreſs.

* Captain *William A'court*.

To

To THEE the beauteous *Charge* I then
Commend,
Nice is the Truſt —— a *Miſtreſs* to a *Friend.*
Guard well thy Breaſt from ev'ry ſoft Surprize,
And from too curious Search, thy wand'ring
Eyes,
For there are Charms in *that* bewitching *Maid*
May foil the *Wary*, and the *Firm* invade:
Small is the Force of Reaſon againſt Senſe,
If Honour ſteps-not-in to our Defenſe.

And now, methinks, I hear the dire Alarms,
Of ſprightly Fiddles ſounding loud to Arms;
Each *Gallant* bows obſequious to the *Fair*,
By Choice, or Chance, thus deſtin'd to his Care;
Whilſt I, in ſolemn Gravity advance,
With my *New Conſort* to commence the *Dance*
Another Man might well *this* Fortune boaſt,
Dance on till Midnight, and till Morning
Toaſt;

For

For ſweeteſt Airs the *pretty Creature* Grace,
Second alone to *Matchleſs* CLARA's Face;
But I, alas! a double Torment ſhare,
Concern'd not only for *Myſelf* but *Her*,
Who while my Compliment I coldly make,
Muſt quit a Youthful Bar'net * for my Sake,
And ſure it would the wiſeſt *Lady* ſpite,
For a Plain *Gentleman* to loſe a Knight.

Well! He, and His, the *Second Couple* ſtand;
And You the *Third*, with CLARA in your Hand;
Ah, let that Hand not Her's too cloſely Preſs,
Reſerve for me that Tender warm Exceſs,
When (as Dan CUPID ſlily does deſign)
Turning in *Bury-Fair* † our Hands ſhall join,
Or when *Young Roger* ‡ urging on my Speed
To *Thee*, Dear Damſel, I at length ſucceed.

* Sir *Arthur Forbes*.
† A Country Dance ſo called.
‡ Another Dance.

Thus jealous Fears ſhall not my Mirth controul,
But, parting from the Darling of my Soul,
In chearful Humour, and with active Grace
I'll tread the Windings of the various Maze.

When for Refreſhment You a while repoſe,
And *Tête à Tête*, the diff'rent Parties Cloſe,
The hardeſt Tryal then will prove thy Skill
To check thoſe ſtrong Propenſions of the Will,
Which, while they make us *Friendſhip's Rights* betray,
Perſuade us we but *Nature's Laws* obey.

From the *pert* Coxcomb ſafe, and him more *dull*,
The odious Mixture of lewd *Rake* and *Fool*;
Rivals of Vulgar Note I little fear,
My Learned *Maid* would ſcorn ſuch Sots to Hear;
Good Nature, Wit, and Manners only move
Deſire in *Women* who are worthy *Love:*

Theſe

Theſe ſteal inſenſibly upon the Mind;
And the *Head* gain'd, the *Heart* won't lag
behind.

No fond Excuſes, YOUTH, for Whiſpers
ſeek,
Truſt not thy *Lips* too near her tempting
Cheek;
Yet if her liſt'ning *Ear* invite thy *Tongue*,
Where ſoft *Perſuaſion* is ſo aptly hung,
Make Uſe of that Occaſion to inforce
My *Am'rous Paſſion* by your kind Diſcourſe;
Inſtruct her how my conſtant Suff'rings prove
The Gen'rous Ardour of *ſincereſt Love*;
How well I taſte her happy Talents ſhow;
And tell her *all I feel*, and *all You know*.
Thus tho' ſhe thinks you much reſemble
Him,
Whoſe *Int'reſt* in her, leſſens her *Eſteem*

Of Me, that fav'rite Notion may ſucceed
To make her Partial to me, while you Plead,
Charm'd with ſo juſt a Conduct too, tho' ſtrange,
She'll learn from *Your Example* not to *Change*,
And own, perhaps, the *Man* may well pretend
To *ſuch* a *Miſtreſs*, who has *ſuch* a *Friend.*

R. P.

THE